

# Death of Major Butt Causes Nation to Mourn With President Taft—Many Tributes Paid

## NO ALARM FELT WHEN STEAMER FIRST STRUCK

Passengers Came on Deck to Get View of Big Berg.

## TERRIBLE SUFFERING IN THE LIFEBOATS

Carpathia Gave Tenderest Care to the Rescued—Four Buried At Sea.

BY MISS CAROLINE BONNELL.  
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NEW YORK, April 19.—

"Well, thank goodness, Nathalie, we are going to see our iceberg at last."

That—that single, foolish little sentence—was the one thing, of all things, that I said to my cousin as the great, beautiful Titanic was shivering beneath her death blow.

And yet it was the most natural remark in the world for me to make that Sunday midnight at the very minute when the hand of death began pulling down its terrible cargo of souls. For though, the world has not come to realize it, that was a hidden hand—a hand so hidden that none of us suspected, for an instant, how strong and how cruel it was until less than two hours afterward, it gave a quick, final jerk, and the titan of vessel sank beneath the swells.

Blow Is Terrific.  
My cousin, Nathalie Wick, and I, were lying in our berths half asleep when the blow came. It was terrific. For a second the whole boat just stood stock still in its swift tracks and then it gave a great shiver all through.

After that, everything was death quiet for a minute.

Then—  
"Oh, she's hit an iceberg," came ringing through the window in a woman's shrill voice.

For ten minutes after the blow, Nathalie and I lay in bed and discussed whether or not we would get up to view the berg. Nathalie was pretty sleepy, but I had been up to fill a hot-water bottle, and was wide awake enough for anything. Finally we decided to "go up" as we had been wanting to see an iceberg all the way over, but had been told that it was probably too late in the season.

Went On Deck.

We just slipped on our shoes and stockings and put on some heavy outside wraps and went up. When we got out onto the deck everything was as calm as an August afternoon. The sea was as smooth as glass; there was not a berg nor an ice floe in sight, and the sky was just thick with stars. I never saw so many stars in the heavens in my life as there were that night. The water itself was glittered blue with their glow.

We had just decided to go back to bed when an officer came up to us and to another group of people who had gotten up to find out what was the matter.

"Go below and put on your life belts," he said. "You may need them later."

We went down at once and told my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. George Wick, what we had been told. Uncle George just laughed at us. "Why, that's nonsense, girls," he said. "This boat is all right. She's going along nicely. She just got a glancing blow, I guess."

That's the way every one seemed to think, and we went into our state room, but in a minute or so an officer knocked at the door and told us to go up on the "A" deck. He said there was really no danger, and that it was just a precautionary measure. We put a few clothes on and went up. I picked up my eyeglasses in my excitement and left my watch lying on the dresser. Nathalie hung her watch around her neck. We both wore two or three coats; it was so cold outside.

When we got on deck uncle and aunt were there and I went down again to another part of the steamer and got my Aunt Elizabeth. When I got back with her, there were crowds of people standing all around. Nobody seemed very excited, every one was talking and it seemed to be the general idea that we would soon be ordered back to bed. Just then an officer came up to us and said we should go up to the next

deck—the boat deck. By that time nearly every one was up. Mrs. John Jacob Astor was there; sitting in a steamer chair. Her husband, Colonel Astor, was beside her, and her maid was helping her to finish dressing.

There was no confusion here even then, although we noticed that the boat was beginning to list to the starboard considerably. The men who had been in the smoking room at the time the ship struck said that they had seen the berg as it passed and that most of it was under water. Whatever damage was done the vessel was done beneath the water line, we knew, for above she was in perfect condition. She had hit the berg alongside, we found out, and not in front.

Told to Get Ready.  
After we had been on the top deck for a while, considerably more than an hour, I should say, the women were told to stand in a group by themselves and to be ready to get into the lifeboats. The men drew back and the women stood at the railings.

This was the condition which prevailed on our side of the boat. On the other side the men and women were not told to separate, and that accounts for the men who were saved. Mr. Ismay, director of the line, was on that side of the boat, and so, of course, got in one of the lifeboats with the other men.

There was very little discipline. In fact, there was practically none. People had to be begged to get into the lifeboats. No one thought the Titanic was going to sink, and passengers did not feel like trusting themselves to tiny open rowboats when they were aboard the biggest liner in the world. At least, they so argued with the officers. As soon as the men without the women were told to get into the lifeboats. Most of them that did so were urged to it by their men relatives, the officers taking little part in it. We never once saw the captain.

The boat we were in was the second to leave the side, but the first to strike the water. In it, though it would have held more, were but twenty women, two sailors, and a steward. The latter were to do the rowing. As we took to the oars the officer shouted to us to row over to a distant light and to land there, sending the boat back for others.

We watched the other boats being lowered as we got under way. And then, in a few minutes, we noticed that the Titanic began to list more heavily. After a while, when we were considerably away, a whole deck of lights, the lowest deck, was suddenly snuffed out. At the same time the mast lights dropped a little farther down in the starboard sky.

After this the tragedy moved with a relentless swiftness. Deck by deck we watched the lights go out, as the boat slipped lower and lower into the sea. At last but four rows of lights were left. Then the water reached the port holes, and the ship began to sink. And then a great explosion, and another, and then the ship left the horizon unbroken. And those that were in the lifeboats were left to their own devices. I saw that the orchestra played till the very last, and that the men went down into the sea singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee."

Started to Row.  
As soon as the ship sank we started to row in good and earnest. All night long we made those three men keep to the oars. They wanted to stop, but we told them we had been told to get to that light, and that we were going to do so, but the light never seemed to come nearer. As the dawn crept out over the silent, cold sea the light seemed only a very little larger than it had when we started for it.

Up to the lifeboats was terrible. Some of the women had scarcely any clothes on at all, and they suffered greatly with cold. One woman had white satin slippers and an evening dress on. I don't know whether she had that attire on when we struck or whether in her excitement she put it on by mistake. We were provided with the most miserable little oil lamp I have ever seen. It was absolutely no good, and we could, for it kept going out as fast as we could light it with the matches which the steward happened to bring. Still, we kept on rowing toward the light. There were three sets of them, and they all had to be used to make any progress.

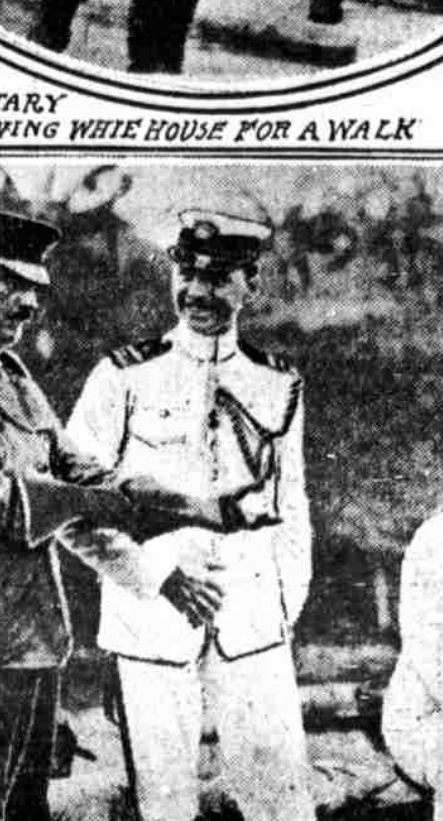
At 6 o'clock we gave up hope of ever reaching that light. It had got a trifle larger, it seemed, but it was absolutely no good, and we had no food, very little clothing, no heat and nearly every life-boat was shipping water to an alarming extent. There were three sets of them, and they all had to be used to make any progress.



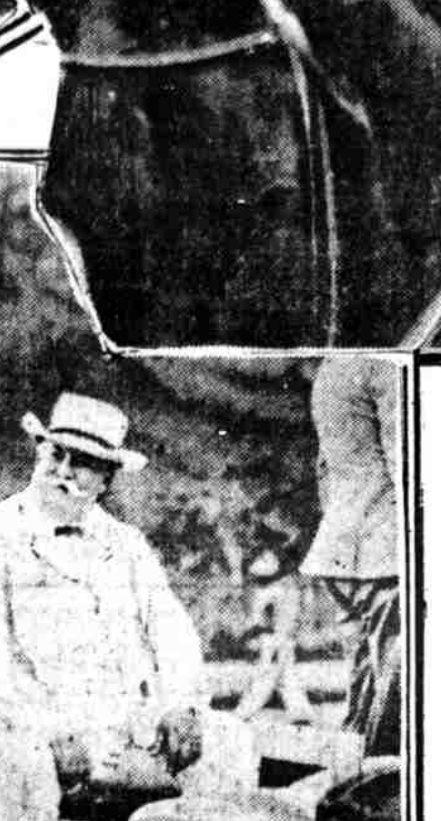
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© HARRIS E. WING  
PRESIDENT AND MILITARY AIDE LEAVING WHITE HOUSE FOR A WALK



© HARRIS E. WING  
PRESIDENT, COMMANDER PALMER AND MAJ. BUTT IN WAGON AT BAS OBESPO



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Familiar Photographs of Major Archibald Butt.

## DEATH OF MAJOR BUTT MOURNED BY WASHINGTONIANS

Persons in Official and Private Life Speak Eulogistically of the President's Military Aide Who Died—A Soldier.

Men of the United States army and navy, men who lived under the same roof—the men who knew Major Butt most intimately—spoke feelingly today of the soldier who died that women and children might live after the Titanic had struck.

Mourned by Washingtonians of all walks of life, Major Butt's worth was most appreciated by his comrades in arms, and it is they who speak most feelingly and with the most authority.

TOGETHER IN DEATH AS IN LIFE.

In death as in life, Major Butt and Frank Millet were together, and the heroism which the two men chose to do which all who knew them would have expected in the circumstances. It is learned today that it was Mr. Millet who grew insistent that Major Butt take a vacation, and who first planned the trip abroad. Mr. Millet, Major Butt, and Lieutenant Commander Leigh C. Palmer, U. S. N., lived together in the same house until about ten months ago, when Major Butt bought the house at Twentieth and G streets and began to reside with Major Winslow and Archibald Clark Kerr, of the British embassy. Major Winslow is now in New York. Mr. Kerr went abroad ten days ago.

"Many pictures of Major Butt's mother are to be found in his last home, and the same pictures were on the walls of the house in which we lived together," said Lieutenant Commander Palmer this morning. "Major Butt was devoted to his mother, whom he brought here to live with him. When she died, he and Frank Millet, and myself lived together for two years. His devotion to his mother while she lived and his affectionate memory of her after her death were always touching. He used to keep referring to the time when she was with him, and it was evident that she was often in his thoughts."

"Major Butt thought highly of Millet, and the latter of him. On the older man Major Butt leaned for advice and took it, and the two men had a sympathy of mind which was most unusual. None could help admiring either man. Major Butt was a splendid officer. Here in Washington his duties kept him before the public in a social way, and some people naturally thought of him in that connection."

"But the men of the army and navy who knew Major Butt in the Philippines and in Cuba will all tell you that Major Butt was one of the most efficient officers in their experience. He was a quartermaster who knew his work thoroughly and who had a real gift for executive duties. It is no surprise to any man who knew Major Butt that he met death like an officer and a gentleman. And none who knew Frank Millet would have expected anything but self-immolation in behalf of women and children."

phases, and "now he's aiding William Taft."

Newspaper men know well this trait of the dead officer. Many a reporter who would otherwise have returned empty handed found in Major Butt a friend who could and would help. Once he said to a newspaper acquaintance: "I try never to forget that I was a newspaper man myself and to remember the difficulties reporters experience. It is not easy to fill my present duties with complete fidelity and help reporters at the same time. My post demands silence at times, and it makes my situation not easy to solve."

But somehow or other, without violating the confidence placed in him, Major Butt generally found a way to help newspaper men, whether at the White House or when meeting them at Union Station, where he had gone to greet some distinguished guest in behalf of the President.

Mrs. Della Torrey will share the sorrow over his death. Those who saw "Aunt Della" greet Major Butt at various times when she came here know that the venerable old lady felt an affection for him almost equal to that for members of her family.

Praises Major Butt.  
Brig. Gen. Charles F. Humphrey, retired, former quartermaster general of the army, said this morning that "Major Butt's death was the kind he would have desired. He was a most efficient officer and a gallant gentleman."

"I found Major Butt in Manila when I was transferred there in 1901," said General Humphrey, "and he was so good a man that when I was made quartermaster general I wanted him in Washington. He became depot quartermaster of the city, and then was transferred to the position of quartermaster general. It was in recognition of his good work that he was attached to the army of pacification which went to Cuba in 1906. Soon after that President Roosevelt asked his services."

"Everyone is aware in Washington how helpful he was to Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, both of whom were most devotedly attached to him. It was no wonder."

"In the Philippines Major Butt was a leader in everything. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, though far from being led into follies of any sort by his enthusiasm. The army needs such men as he, and will miss him greatly."

There was no man in Temple Lodge," he said, "who was more universally beloved than Major Butt. I took great interest in the welfare of the body and its individual members, and never lost an opportunity to do everything in his power to promote the welfare and happiness of his brothers. He attended the meetings whenever possible, and one of the last things he did before sailing was to file with the secretary a petition for membership from one of his warmest friends. His death is a terrible blow to Temple Lodge, but his Masonic life was an inspiration."

Died a Glorious Death.  
"Major Butt was an active enthusiast in behalf of others' interests in the Philippines just as he was here, and he was greatly liked for this. He was a moving spirit in the organization of the Caribbeas, and kept up his interest in the society after he came to Washington."

"It was a glorious death he died, and the army of the United States will cherish the story as a veritable inspiration for generations of soldiers to come."

The Caribbeas, of which Captain Knapp is the head, or Paramount Caribbea, have a song relating to Major Butt, which has always been sung at their annual banquets. This song is worth noting for, while intended in a humorous vein, it emphasizes a side of Major Butt's nature, which is now being spoken of in his willingness to help others. The song ran to the effect that Major Butt had aided everyone in the Philip-

## SPURNING RESCUE, MRS. STRAUS SANK WITH HER HUSBAND

Aged Woman Central Figure in Episode of Sublime Heroism.

Simply, but none the less eloquently, does a slip of a woman paint a photograph of sublime heroism. As central figures stand Mrs. Isadore Straus and the members of the orchestra of the Titanic, who rendered their own requiem as the monster ship settled into the sea.

Mrs. Sarah Dick, who lives in New York, and who was in the water for an hour before she was snatched from the sea by a succoring hand, is the woman who paints this glowing tale of widely devotion that would not be spattered by death, and the magnificent courage and heroism of the musicians, who but a few hours before their death were entertaining as guests in the saloon those whose cars were never to hear an earthly melody again.

Mrs. Straus was the vivid woman in the picture. Mrs. Dick gave of that harrowing night. Three times implored to leave the ship, to save her life and desert her husband, Mrs. Straus each time waved the offer aside, saying: "I will stick by my husband, if he dies, then I shall die with him."

And with their arms clasped about each other's neck, husband and wife, musical partners for more than thirty years, faced death without a tremor and died locked in each other's embrace. When the monster ship was known, and meant but a question of moments when the Titanic must sink, the leader of the orchestra, a hero who was known and unsung, but not unhonored, waved his baton and said: "Nearer, My God, To Thee." And while those who were destined to survive put away in their ships of safety they heard across the star-touched water the beautiful melody of the Titanic's last hymn. It was a hymn that to those in the lifeboats meant the agony of rescue, but to the musicians it was a hymn for those left aboard and themselves.

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Yours very truly,  
A. J. BROWN,  
99 Pembroke St.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

State of New York } ss.  
County of Monroe }

Personally appeared before me, this 21st day of August, 1911, A. J. Brown, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

NELSON E. SPENCER,  
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.  
Prove What Swamp Root Will Do For You  
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Washington Daily Times. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

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